

# THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM;

OR,  
REPOSITORY OF THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND BELLES LETTRES.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY GEORGE BOND, NO. 4 CHAMBERS-STREET, NEW-YORK.

No. 25.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1825.

VOL. I.

## REVIEW.

ART. I.—Memoirs and Recollections of Count SÉGUR, Ambassador from France to the Courts of Russia and Prussia, &c. &c. written by himself. Boston, 1825. 8vo. pp. 359.

*Continued.*

IN the farther perusal of this interesting volume of recollections, we have been much amused with the notices our author takes of the distinguished literary characters with whom he was acquainted. The most gigantic mind, which illustrated that proud era in French literature, was Voltaire. Possessing an acute mind and universal talents, it may be said of him, in the words of Johnson, recording the worth of Goldsmith—

Nullum fere scribendi genus

Non tetigit,

Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

There is no species of writing which he did not handle; none which he handled, that he did not adorn and improve. We shall offer no apology for the following extracts in relation to this great writer.

"Voltaire, the prince of poets, the patriarch of philosophers, the glory of his age and country, had, for many years past, remained an exile from France. While all Frenchmen perused his works with delight, scarcely any of them had yet beheld him: his contemporaries were to him, if we may venture to express it, a sort of posterity. Not a few carried their admiration of his universal genius to a degree of adoration; his productions were the ornament of the libraries, his name was familiar to all minds, but his features were concealed from all regards. His spirit seemed to govern, to direct, and to modify all the characters of his age; but, if we except a small number who had been admitted into his philosophical sanctuary at Ferney, he reigned over the rest of his fellow citizens like some invisible power.

"Perhaps no single writer ever produced such important changes as Voltaire, in the opinions and manners of his times. No head at a party ever combated and vanquished at the same time, without appearing to mix in the controversy, a greater number of enemies, till then supposed invincible, of errors long consecrated by time, and prejudices deeply rooted by ancient customs.

"Destitute, nevertheless, of rank, birth, or authority, his power consisted only in the clearness of his reasoning, in the varied eloquence of his style, and in the captivating grace of his manner. In fact, in order to level with the earth, the ancient and formidable colossus against which his efforts were directed, he, for the most part employed, not the heavy

club, but the light arms of ridicule and irony. It is certain that none ever made a more dexterous use of them than he did, or inflicted with them more deep and incurable wounds."

"This great man's return threw his rivals into consternation; the clergy was indignant, but as well as the parliament, remained silent, and the philosophical ascendancy acquired fresh strength from the presence and from the triumph of its leading chief.

"At this epoch it was necessary to have witnessed the public exultation, the eager curiosity, and enthusiasm of admiring crowds, desirous of hearing and beholding this celebrated old man, contemporary with two ages, who had inherited the fame of the one, and formed the glory of the other; it required, I repeat, to be a living witness of this spectacle to form a just idea of it.

"It was the apotheosis of a demigod, still living; when he addressed the people, he said with as much feeling as reason: 'Do you wish to kill me with pleasure?' And, in fact, the delight he felt at such numerous and affecting marks of their regard, was too much for his strength; he sank under his emotions, and the altar, which they were decorating to his honour, speedily became his tomb.

"Equally desirous of obtaining a nearer view of this illustrious man, and more fortunate than the rest, I, without having to force my way through the crowds that sought to approach him, enjoyed the satisfaction of contemplating him at leisure, several times at the house of my parents, with whom he had been rather intimately acquainted during the earlier part of his life."

"His leanness bore witness to his long incessant labours; his ancient and peculiar dress reminded me of the last remaining witness of the age of Louis XIV.;—the historian of that age, and the immortal painter of Henry IV. His piercing eye sparkled with genius and sarcasm—in it might be traced the fire of the tragic poet, the author of *Oedipus* and of *Mahomet*, the profound thinker, the ingenious and satiric novelist, the severe and penetrating observer of human nature, while his thin and bending form seemed nothing more than a slight envelope, almost transparent, through which beamed his genius and his soul."

"I was all ears and eyes when I approached Voltaire, and my whole attention was alive only to him, as if I expected every moment some oracle to escape his lips. Yet it was neither the time nor the place to pronounce them, if he had even been Apollo himself; for he was

standing by the bed-side of a dying mortal—a sight calculated to inspire only with mournful reflections. She appeared no longer susceptible of admiration—not even of consolation. Nevertheless, she made one great effort to vanquish nature; her eyes recovered some portion of their lustre, and her voice of its power."

"However this may be, Voltaire flattered my self-love by the delicacy with which he alluded to my taste for letters, and to my first essays; he encouraged me, too, by giving me his advice. 'Do not forget,' he said, 'that you have deserved the praise bestowed upon you, by carefully combining, in your most trifling poetical effusions, some realities with your images, a portion of morality with your sentiments, and with your liveliness a few grains of philosophy. At the same time distrust your inclination for poetry, you may venture to follow it, but do not suffer yourself to be carried away by it. From all I have heard, and from the position you occupy, you are destined for more serious pursuits. You have done well, however, to commence your career by writing verse; for it is extremely difficult for those who have never been sensible of its charms, who are both ignorant of its art and its beauty, ever to become excellent prose writers. Go, young man; accept the good wishes of an aged friend, who predicts for you a happy fate; but, fail not to recollect that poetry, all divine as she is supposed, is at best a siren."

"The same year in which Voltaire expired witnessed, likewise, the decease of Rousseau. These two luminaries disappeared nearly at the same time, and at a moment when their doctrines, falsely interpreted, alike by the passions of their disciples and of their enemies, were upon the point of shaking Europe to its very foundation.

"Voltaire had beheld the celebrated Franklin rejoicing in his triumph at Paris. The aged Frenchman bestowed his benediction on the son of the old American. The prayers of both were alike offered up for the welfare of their respective countries, but how different was the result! The immense ocean, the extent of the American continent, and the absence of the most formidable dangers that menace all governments, namely, the privileged classes, and the classes destitute of all property, fostered the seeds of freedom in America, whilst in France, on the contrary, they could only strike a feeble root in a soil inundated with blood, and torn by all the elements of hatred and discord.

"The death of Voltaire was attended with the same splendid publicity as his

life. The end of Rousseau was sorrowful and silent. The friend of nature, he avoided mankind, whom he believed to be his enemies; and the man who had poured such light upon the world, disappeared amid the shades of those woods, where he rejoiced to terminate in peace a wretched existence.

"The death of these two chiefs of the modern philosophy excited a very deceitful joy in the breasts of their adversaries. They believed, for a moment, they had triumphed, forgetting, doubtless, that though men of genius may die, their thoughts are immortal."

We now come to the most interesting portion of the volume, which treats of Washington. Remark, by way of preface, is unnecessary. Our readers will be pleased with Segur after reading the following:—

"One of my most anxious wishes was to see Washington the hero of America. He was then encamped at a short distance from us, and the Count de Rochambeau was kind enough to introduce me to him. Too often reality disappoints the expectations our imagination had raised, and admiration diminishes by a too near view of the object upon which it had been bestowed; but, on seeing General Washington, I found a perfect similarity between the impression produced upon me by his aspect, and the idea I had formed of him."

"His exterior disclosed, as it were, the history of his life; simplicity, grandeur, dignity, calmness, goodness, firmness, the attributes of his character, were also stamped upon his features, and in all his person. His stature was noble and elevated; the expression of his features mild and benevolent; his smile graceful and pleasing; his manners simple, without familiarity."

"He did not display the luxury of a monarchical general: every thing announced in him the hero of a republic—he inspired, rather than commanded, respect, and the expression of all those that surrounded his person manifested the existence in their breasts of feelings of sincere affection, and of that entire confidence in the chief upon whom they seemed exclusively to found all their hopes of safety. His quarters, at a little distance from the camp, offered the image of the order and regularity displayed in the whole tenor of his life, his manner, and conduct."

"I had expected to find, in this popular camp, soldiers ill equipped, officers without instruction, republicans destitute of that urbanity so common in our old civilized countries. I recollected the first moment of their revolution, when husbandmen and artisans, who had never held a gun, had hastened, without order, and in the name of their country, to go and fight the British phalanxes, offering only to the view of their astonished enemies an assemblage of rough and unpolished beings, whose only military insignia consisted of a cap, upon which the word *Liberty* was written."

"It will, therefore, be easily imagined how much I was surprised at finding an army well disciplined, in which every thing offered the aspect of order, reason, information, and experience. The manners and language of the generals, their aids-de-camp, and the other officers, were noble and appropriate, and were heightened by that natural benevolence which appears to me as much preferable to politeness, as a mild countenance is preferable to a mask upon which the utmost labour has been bestowed to render its features graceful."

"The personal dignity of each individual, the noble pride with which all were inspired by the love of liberty, and a sentiment of equality, had been no slight obstacles to the elevation of a chief who was to rise above them without exciting their jealousy, and to subject their independent spirit to the rules of discipline without promoting discontent."

"Any other man but Washington would have failed in the attempt; but such were his genius and his wisdom, that in the midst of the storms of a revolution, he commanded, during seven years, the army of a free nation, without exciting the alarms of his countrymen, or the suspicions of the Congress."

"Under every circumstance he united in his favour the suffrages of rich and poor, magistrates and warriors; in short, Washington is, perhaps, the only man who ever conducted and terminated a civil war, without having drawn upon himself any deserved censure. As it was known to all that he entirely disregarded his own private interest, and consulted, solely, the general welfare, he enjoyed, during his life, those unanimous homages which the greatest men generally fail to receive from their contemporaries, and which they must only expect from posterity. It might have been said that envy, seeing him so highly established in public estimation, had become discouraged, and cast away her shafts in despair of their being able to reach him."

"Washington, when I saw him, was forty-nine years of age. He endeavoured, modestly, to avoid the marks of admiration and respect which were so anxiously offered to him, and yet no man ever knew better how to receive and to acknowledge them. He listened, with an obliging attention, to all those who addressed him, and the expression of his countenance had conveyed his answer before he spoke."

"When very young he commenced his military career by fighting against the French on the frontiers of Canada, at the head of the Virginian militia; and, after his return from this campaign, that man, who was destined to act so prominent a part in his country, remained for a considerable time, at home, in a state of inactivity, appearing to prefer a quiet philosophical life to the agitations of public affairs."

"Exempt from ambition, he interfered but little in the events that marked the

first steps of the American insurrection; but, as soon as war was irrevocably declared, as the state and the army were in want of a chief, all eyes were turned upon Washington, who was universally esteemed for his wisdom. In a country, besides, in which peace had subsisted for so long a period, he was then, perhaps, the only man having some notion and some recollection of war."

"Inspired with the purest and most disinterested love for his country, he refused to receive the salary assigned to him as general in chief, and it was almost in spite of him that the state undertook to defray the cost of his table. That table was, every day, prepared for thirty guests, and the dinner, which, according to the custom of the English and of the Americans, lasted several hours, was concluded by numerous toasts. Those most generally given were—'The Independence of the United States'—'The King and Queen of France'—'Success to the Allied Armies.' After these came private toasts, or, as they were called in America, 'sentiments.' In general, after the table had been cleared, and nothing was left but bottles and cheese, the company still remained seated round it until night.—Temperance was, however, one of Washington's virtues; and, in thus protracting the duration of his repast, he had only one object in view; the pleasure of conversation, which afforded a diversion from his cares, and repose from his fatigues."

ART. II.—Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement: 3 vols. 12mo. Wilder & Campbell, New York. 1825.

#### Concluded.

TREMAINE becomes acquainted with the two recluses, and is charmed with the naïveté of Eugenia, who, in return, compliments the man of refinement with her *friendship*. He attempts a strange experiment on the strength of her attachment to him, removed from all extraneous influence, even of hope, and is confirmed by the event in his favourable sentiments towards the lady. Accidentally discovering, however, that Eugenia had formerly loved a certain Captain Monson to a degree, Tremaine resolves not to owe his success to the absence of his rival, and to quit the field for a time, in order to leave all free to the captain's exertions. The adventure terminates in the departure of our hero in a most whimsical manner, and the loss of Captain Monson's affections by Miss Belson, who thus becomes an example to the sex of the danger of two beaux to one string. Tremaine next occupies himself awhile with politics, grows disgusted, and determines to retire. Behold him at his country-seat, in the enjoyment of fortune, education, and birth, surrounded with every thing that pleasure and leisure can ask, or wealth command, and his only anxiety to kill the time, "And labour dire it is, and weary wo," as the laziest of poets expresses it. Fowling and fishing, gardening and books, with every amusement, solicit him in vain; the



mantle of ennui falls heavy around him, and he envies the cheerful activity of his dependents. About this time, he renews his acquaintance with an old friend, Dr. Evelyn, a neighbouring clergyman, possessed of a daughter who figures largely through the volumes, and is thus presented to the reader.

"There was a natural grace in her manner, so evidently superior to that which is, or can be taught, that prepared to criticise, nay, even to find fault, he was, in spite of himself, enchanted.

"When introduced, she gave him her hand, by her father's command, and though perfectly self-possessed, for a moment it called a blush into her cheek which the most skilful painter would in vain have attempted to delineate. The hand too, which she gave, as he did not fail to observe, was of exquisite mould, and he was a great admirer of a beautiful hand. Small, taper, white, and of velvet softness, it combined with an airy foot, and a general fineness of limb, to produce that lovely symmetry always so powerful in its effects, and so infinitely more fascinating to a mind of taste than the most perfect beauty without it.

"In truth, there was something in this young creature's whole appearance not easily to be described. There was a pensiveness in her arched and pencilled brow which instantly filled the heart of the beholder with interest of the most serious kind; but then again, all seriousness was lost in the fascinations of a smile, which lighted every thing into joy. Her cheek was dimpled, and gave a play to her countenance such as none else, in Tremaine's opinion, had ever exhibited. It was the lightning play so beautifully described by Petrarch in the "*lampeggio del angelico riso*," of Laura."

The worthy Doctor acquires a great influence over Tremaine, and the rest of the first volume is chiefly occupied with discussions between them concerning the true uses of retirement. The man of refinement is at last induced by the arguments of the divine to alter his character from that of a mere fashionable ennuié to a rational being, who feels persuaded that employment is the great essential of human happiness. He cultivates the society of Miss Evelyn, and listens to her harp and voice till he believes her "the loveliest-minded creature in the world." The grand moral impressed throughout this volume, is the necessity of making some *business*, and the lessons of Evelyn upon this subject, are replete with the most valuable instruction. The second volume exhibits an increase of characters. A dinner-party at Bellenden-Hall, is described with much spirit, and some capital sketches of the various guests are given. Miss Lytleton, and Amazon of ton, is rendered amusing by her contempt of female forms, and her imitation of the freedom allowed to gentlemen, but denied to her own sex, by the customs of society. Lady Gertrude Bellenden is a cold, stately personage, on whom Tre-

maine had once bestowed some attention, but ceased on a discovery of the defects of her character. Happy man! no prosecution for a breach of marriage-promise assails him, and we are led to suppose that in England a bachelor may look thrice on a lady, without subjecting himself to the talons of the law. They order these things better in America.

Miss Neville is another *ci-devant* shrine of Tremaine's admiration, and her managing mama, with her matrimonial tricks upon travellers, are happily hit off. There is an interesting episode in regard to a certain Mrs. Rochford, and Mademoiselle de Montauban, with whom Miss Evelyn becomes acquainted by losing her way in the woods during a shower. A suspicion arises in the mind of her father that one of the ladies is the wife or the mistress of Tremaine, but he explains the affair in a satisfactory manner, and the intimacy between the man of refinement and his friends at Evelyn Hall daily increases. A dissertation on the opera produces an alarming discovery on their part of the great liberality of his religious opinions, and their sceptical tendency. An accident affords Evelyn the opportunity of delivering a discourse on the moral as well as natural government of the world by Him who created it; on the whole proof of Providence, though by second causes; the immortality of the soul, a future judgment, and the certainty of retribution. This sermon makes a deep impression on Tremaine, and he commences a serious examination of the reliance which he had reposed on Hume, Bolingbroke, and Voltaire. Miss Evelyn assures her father of the impossibility of her being touched by the vows of one so hardened as to deny the Providence of Heaven, and is charmingly represented as a young creature perfectly beautiful, and fully disposed to encourage the most exquisite of our feelings, yet controlling all, by a sense of piety to her Creator. Tremaine grows suddenly alarmed at the thought of an alliance between her and Lord St. Clair, and opens the state of his feelings to her father.

"Breaking silence, therefore, on his part, he observed that Tremaine seemed to pay but a poor compliment to his daughter's rank in society, when he supposed her so ignorant. Then, in a lighter tone, he asked—'Has she not seen all Yorkshire? and is there now such a difference between Yorkshire and Grosvenor Square?'

"Tremaine looked inquiringly, as if to make out whether he could mean to rally on such a subject.

"'Besides, continued he, 'has she not seen Grosvenor square itself at Bellenden House?'

"'My friend,' said Tremaine, 'you are jesting, which I did not expect.'

"'Less, perhaps, than you imagine,' returned Evelyn. 'That there must be persons of infinitely more worth than Lord St. Clair, and Mr. Beaumont, et id genus omne, is, I hope, true; yet you must con-

fess yourself, they are men of the very first monde, and would be produced as every fair specimens of the generality of bachelors of fashion. Beaumont is, besides, generally considered as a man of natural abilities; and our cousin, there, came home from Greece and Florence with the reputation of a young man of the greatest promise. Yet, if that were all, I would bid, not only your own heart, but your own pride, which I perfectly well understand, not to be afraid.'

"'I thank you,' replied Tremaine, 'for so much comfort as this would give me, (and this is not a little,) that the ten years advantage which St. Clair has over me could be done away. But all young men are not St. Clairs.'

"'Still less,' returned Evelyn, 'are they Tremaines. In many high qualities, as well as accomplishments, they certainly are not; and without these, I am mistaken if the freshest bloom of youth could touch my daughter's heart. Would to heaven every thing else was as suitable!'

"'You agree, then,' said Tremaine, in some agitation, 'that this sad disparity—'

"'You still speak of disparity of years,' observed Evelyn.

"'I do. Of what else would you have me speak?'

"'Alas!' returned his friend, and pressing the arm that was within his—'would to heaven there was no other disparity!'

"'What can you possibly mean?'

"'I mean all that a good father or good young woman, must mean, when they are not indifferent to every thing beyond the world. I wish there were not such cruel disparities of opinion upon all that can concern the very heart and soul of man—all that can belong to us in this world or the next! With such dissimilarities, or rather such fatal opposition between us as there is on these points, much as we love you, were you prince of the world, I tell you fairly, you would not succeed.'

"Tremaine was thunderstruck at these words. He had not expected them, had not contemplated their possibility, had not even thought of the case. He breathed thick and frequent; and it was some time before he could recover his voice. His whole hope seemed blasted by what was totally unlooked for; indeed, no young person, and no young person's father or mother, that had ever engaged his attention, had ever thought of such a thing. He was confounded, and his eyes swam in a kind of giddiness."

We are compelled to omit the interesting interview between Tremaine and Miss Evelyn, in which she repeats her father's sentiments, and must pass over the letter which she writes to her lover, except the following extract.

"Loving, reverencing, and fearing, God as I do, adoring him in his providence, and humbling myself before him with trembling resignation, it revolts my soul to think that he who could absorb my earthly love, my fondest attachment, my whole reverence and esteem, should think little of all these sacred feelings;—that he

should disparage my mind's most ardent devotion; should not only not participate, but by his conduct seem to resist all that my soul holds most awful and dear;—all this terrifies me even at this distance to think of. What would it do if the thought were daily and hourly worked up into every act of my future life? What would be the effect of this vital difference, practically showing itself, where all ought to be union without alloy.

"Forgive me, oh! forgive me, if I feel sure that it could not come to good; that to you I could not be *your* Georgina, the Georgina you have fancied; and that to me you could not be that unerring, that infallible guide, to whom I would on all occasions commit my spirit to be directed, 'As from my Lord, my Governor, and King'."

"'Tis true you made an offer that penetrated my heart, and shook my resolution—nay, overcame it; but how, and in what moment? Ah! let your own heart answer, and say what place there then was for reason or resolution, when the sudden surprise of tenderness displaying itself for the first time—no, I am sure this will not be fixed upon me, by the most generous of men, to my disadvantage. The prayers I afterwards poured out to the Ruler of all things were heard; and God has given me strength to address you as I ought. It is he, and not I, that tells you your proposal, generous as it is, would of necessity be abortive—that my unhappiness at your doubts would not be the less, because they were concealed, and that you would not the less lament my supposed weakness, because you had kindly consented, as you thought, never to probe it. It is the voice of God, and not mine, that tells you this.

"How weak mine alone would be, my throbbing heart indeed too fatally convinces me. Listen then to this powerful voice, that implores you for your own sake, to seek him with fervour and sincerity; seek, and you shall find him; and when you have found him, need I say that you have found me? But till then, though shattered, unnerved, torn with contending emotions, and weighed to the ground with distress, my way is yet clear before me, pointed out by Heaven itself; nor dare I swerve from it. Alas! that I should have to say it leads me from *you*. I can scarcely write the words; my kind father will tell you the rest, and it is my weakness (throwing itself upon *you* for support) that bids me add the necessity there is, until a happier time shall dawn, that we should meet no more."

Several chapters of this volume contain, in our opinion, some of the most powerful and beautiful writing that we have met with for a long time. After the receipt of this letter, Tremaine disappears, and nothing is heard of him for fifteen months, when Evelyn learns that he is living in the most private and studious manner at Oxford, and repairs thither directly, but arrives the day after his departure. In the mean time the health of Georgina

visibly declines, and her father proposes a tour in France. At the chateau de St. Jules, near the city of Orleans, a most singular rencontre occurs between Doctor Evelyn and Tremaine. The discussion of the great point which had occasioned their separation is immediately renewed, and occupies the greater share of the third volume. We will not do the author the injustice of abridging the arguments employed by the disputants, and we can make no further extracts. But we are frank to acknowledge our pleasing surprise at finding so much profound theology, and pure philosophy so forcibly inculcated through the medium of fiction. The object of ushering Tremaine to the public is manifest. It is to unite the seducements of dialogue, description, and narrative, in order to bring home conviction to the bosom of every slave of infidelity, doubt, and despair. Let the most stubborn follower of deistical delusion bestow a few hours on its pages, and on reflection upon their contents, and he may rise "a sadder and a wiser man" from the experiment. The detail of a mysterious and ingenious plot is subordinate to the purpose of a writer, who aims to enforce the great truths of eternity.—The construction of the story is therefore simple, and it concludes in the removal of Tremaine's errors, and his marriage with Georgina.

"In fine, Evelyn, perceiving that his daughter was in such a state of suspicion, of raised expectation, of hope, doubt, and fear, that it would really do her more harm than good to leave her longer in ignorance, resolved, whatever the consequence of discovery, to go on with his design; and he did so the more readily, I may say the more cheerfully, from the conviction which he assured Georgina was on his mind, that the errors of Tremaine were fast fading away, if not entirely cured.

"Georgina's was, as we have seen, a firm mind—firmer than most—and it must be owned, it required all the firmness she possessed to bear this communication, so as not to be entirely overset by it. The embraces and soothing of her father, and his encouragement of her, not merely to talk, but to give vent to her feelings, were at last attended with what he desired—a soft relaxation of that pent up effort which sometimes is too much for our nature.

"He was, therefore, not ill pleased to see, instead of violence and hysterics, her eyes overflow in precious drops, which might truly be compared to a 'gentle rain from Heaven,' if the paleness of her cheek, and the agitation of her features, had not rather likened them to what the same inspired painter has called—

"*The honey dew upon a gathered lily.*"

"It was, indeed, long, very long, before she was sufficiently recovered to speak with common collectedness.

"That Tremaine—the admired, the loved, the respected, (respected with all his errors,)—should be so near her, nay,

have been so for three whole days—approaching so fast, as her father said, to all they both wished, so as to remove the whole cause of that dreadful mental and bodily suffering which had almost reduced her to the grave—that he should have preserved all his love, and, what was almost of as much importance, cleared himself of those semblances of unkindness on his retreat, which had so much added to her distress—that all this should be, seemed, indeed a dream, if not a miracle; and the task of her father, to keep her calm, was, with all his caution, difficult indeed.

"Good sense prevailed, and resignation, which often supplies its place where it is not. United, how could they fail? The evening was not far advanced, when Evelyn had the delight of finding her inclined to walk, and though agitated, yet not enough so to alarm him for her, while questioning him even to minuteness upon all the great points that now involved her dearest interests.

"We may suppose the great point of all was not forgotten; nor can we be surprised that, on this, her father's asserted satisfaction was sufficient warranty for hers.

"'I think we may depend upon it,' said her father, 'that his pride is beaten down; and his masters having lost their authority, nature and natural feeling have resumed their power over him. In truth, he is no longer the same person. I had a fear indeed, but it was dissipated almost as soon as conceived.'

Georgina somewhat anxiously asked the nature of that fear.

"I feared that you, or the hope of you, might have had too much influence in the change; but I am convinced it is not so. Indeed the obstinacy, or rather pertinacity, with which he defended all his doubts, proves this; for he was armed at all points, and so powerfully, that I assure you I scarcely wonder at his resistance, or the hold which error had taken of him. His very enthusiasm (for I think his feeling amounted to it) made him only the more obnoxious to mistake. No! much as he loves you, I am quite sure that even *you* have had nothing to do with his renunciations."

"Did this appear?" asked Georgina, with some curiosity.

"It more than appeared," said Evelyn; "It was solemnly asserted by himself; and I am convinced that what he intimated was true:—that his very jealousy and suspicion of himself, in this particular, have only prolonged this singular contest. But for this, he would not have fled from Oxford—perhaps even would have returned to us."

"He will return now," said Georgina, hesitatingly.

"I have but to hold up my finger," answered Evelyn, "and he will be at your feet."

"Georgina trembled, and leaned more closely on her father, who felt he had gone as far as her state would permit."



## SELECTIONS.

## DESCRIPTION OF MADRID.

*Concluded.*

Cabinet of Natural History—the royal collection of Paintings—the royal Armoury—Museum of the Park of Artillery—Police of the City.

I hardly know how to begin, in order to convey to you an idea of the contents of the Cabinet of Natural History. An imperfect one only can be gained by a transient view of it; still more imperfect must that be, received from my description. There are two large rooms, on the same floor, where the minerals, gems, and crystals, are exhibited in glass cases. In two others adjoining, are the beasts, birds, and reptiles; in a third, are fishes and shells; in the fourth, a collection of Grecian vases; in the fifth, a great variety of *guaqueros* and other curiosities from South America; and in the sixth, an elephant's skin stuffed, and the skeleton of a non-descript animal. The minerals occupy the four sides of a large room: and the great variety and brilliancy of the specimens make a display equalled only by the collection at Paris. There is one lump of pure silver which weighs two hundred and eighty five pounds;—a large piece of virgin gold, of great value;—a large collection of stones, exceedingly curious for the variety and beauty of the natural landscapes seen on them; but taken together the collection is less striking for its intrinsic value, though this is great, than for its brilliancy, variety, and beauty, and the taste displayed in the distribution. The gems are also displayed so as to be seen to the greatest advantage, and the eyes of the observer are almost dazzled with the view of the rich diamonds, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, topazes, &c. which this case contains. There is also a great number of beautiful pearls, some of which are seen as originally attached to their shells; also a case of very valuable and beautiful cameos, another of agates, jaspers, cornelians, &c. Along the centre of the room are long tables, on which, and under glasses, are exhibited a most beautifully varied collection of crystals; also a meteoric stone weighing ten pounds, which has a volcanic appearance. The halls containing the beasts and birds are sufficiently spacious for that purpose, and the animals are tastefully arranged; but I saw none among them of a kind which I had not seen before, excepting the non-descript skeleton. This was found in making an excavation at Paraguay. It is nearly as large as the elephant, but bears no resemblance to that animal. The celebrated Cuvier has given it the name of *Megatherium*. The shells are an extensive and most beautiful collection; and among those most rare, are many, exhibiting in wax the form of the fish attached to them. The Grecian vases, if not the most curious, are among the most beautiful objects to be seen here. They are made, some, of the clearest and most beautiful crystals, and some, of precious stones. All, for variety and gracefulness of form,

beauty of colours, brilliancy of polish, and exquisite taste, surpass any thing of the kind I have ever seen. Their value I could not ascertain, but presume it to be such that monarchs only can own them. The room containing the Indian curiosities, Chinese dresses, a Mandarin in full dress, &c. is less than the Asiatic Marine Hall in Salem; and the variety is much less, being principally confined to curiosities from their possessions in South America.

The royal collection of Paintings are deposited in the Palace, near the Prado. They are exhibited in three immensely long halls, two of which contain, exclusively, those of the Spanish school, and the other those of the Italian. The paintings are all numbered, and for twenty cents the visiter is furnished with a little book which contains a description of each. With this book in hand I went the round of the three rooms in about as many hours; consequently, as you will imagine, I could take no more than a glance at each; indeed it would require a month to give them the examination they merit. My knowledge of the art, I confess, is not sufficient to enable me to distinguish the superiority, which is said to exist, of the Italian over the Spanish pictures. The latter appear to me to be quite equal to the former; and I am induced to believe that the value of *these* over *those* is established, rather by the circumstance of the impossibility of any more being produced by those authors, than by their intrinsic merit. I will name only a few of the most striking:—a large picture by Murillo, a Spaniard; the subject, the infant Jesus holding up a bird to prevent its being seized by a little dog, who is eager for it, and while the infant is retreating, he is received into the arms of Joseph; the Virgin appears to suspend her work, and to be viewing with great interest the movements of her son. It is one of those which were selected to ornament the Louvre, and have since been returned to Madrid.—The Martyrdom, by stoning to death, of Stephen, by Velasquez; this is very fine. The subject of Jesus interrogated by the Pharisees, whether it was proper to pay tribute to Cæsar; a fine picture, by Arias; the figures are as large as life. A very large painting, representing the monk, sent by Charles IV. to Algiers, to redeem the prisoners, in the act of paying the ransom and receiving them; by Aparacio, a Spaniard. A scene, by the same author, of the Famine in Madrid, in 1811 and 1812; a picture as large as Peele's "Court of Death." In the foreground are represented a woman and child, both dead; a man lies near them, to the left, on the floor, with only sufficient strength remaining to enable him to wave his hand in refusal of a loaf of bread presented by a French officer. Two grenadiers accompany this officer, who appear to be horror-struck with the scene of misery before them; near, and a little back of the dead and dying, is an old man, whose daughter is leaning on

his shoulder, both presenting the picture of despair; in the back ground are men and women upbraiding the French as the authors of such calamities. This is a picture terribly true to nature.—A much celebrated painting, by Titian, of the Emperor Charles V., on horseback.—A picture, by Raphael, of Jesus oppressed under the weight of the cross, and Simon, the Cyrenian, applying to the chief of the soldiers to succour him this painting is of great celebrity, and ranks next to that of the Transfiguration, by the same author, which is at Rome. The catalogue amounts to five hundred and twelve;—but I will not try your patience by particularizing any more.

The Royal Armoury, or hall of ancient arms, is contiguous to the royal residence. It is about two hundred feet by sixty.—On either side, the walls are hung with coats of mail, helmets, bucklers, shields, cross-bows, lances, long match-locks used before the invention of artillery, and several flags preserved as trophies, among which are those taken by Don Juan, of Austria, at the battle of Lepanto. These are all very tastefully distributed. On entering the hall you are desired to notice the vehicle in which the Emperor Charles V. used to travel. It is a clumsy box, of about five feet by two. Over the end of it, where the seat is placed, there is a covering like a chaise top, with canvass to roll up at the sides, and an apron or boot to cover the front part. This awkward machine was suspended lengthwise between two mules, and in this way did the arbiter of Europe travel over a large portion of its surface. Near to this is the first coach that was ever seen in Spain. It belonged to the time of Dona Urraca, and is a heavy, clumsy thing, with much carved work on the exterior. Passing along, we observed the coats of mail and arms of Fernando and Izabel, of Charles V., of the little Moor the last King of Grenada, of Henry IV. of France when a boy, of Don Juan of Austria, of Cortes, Pizarro, and others. In handsome glass cases, are exhibited arms ornamented with diamonds and rubies; saddles ornamented with the same materials; gold stirrups, bits, and spurs; all presents from the Grand Signior, probably, at a period, when to be in the good graces of Spain was more important than it is at the present day. There are also some beautiful specimens of rich arms, made in France and Spain; several air-guns; a number of shields, studded with precious stones; the spear of Don Pedro the cruel; the turban of the bashaw, taken at the battle of Lepanto; two waistcoats of Charles V., lined with steel, and pliable. In the centre of the room are several equestrian statues, all clad in polished steel, horses as well as riders; they are of Charles V., Philip II., and others.—There are several pieces of artillery; a great number of saddles covered with silk, which were used at the tournaments, &c. After having gone the rounds of this hall, the conductor takes you to the upper end,

where, drawing up a velvet curtain, within a glass case, by strings without, you are presented with a sitting figure, as large as life, of St. Ferdinand the Catholic, with the same gold crown on his head which is used for the coronation of the Kings of Spain. An advertisement within, recommends your kneeling before this saint, (for which purpose there is a velvet cushion,) and praying for the prosperity and happiness of the kingdom, and of the reigning family. Although aware that no country ever stood more in need of assistance from above, I nevertheless declined. It seemed to me that it would hardly be in the power of St. Ferdinand soon to restore order and happiness, where confusion and misery seem so firmly to have established their empire.

The Museum of the park of artillery (St. Joseph-street) is said to be well worthy the attention of a stranger, but to see this, it is necessary to obtain the permission of the commandant of the park; and having failed in a first attempt, in consequence of his absence, I had not time to make a second.

The squares of Madrid are not remarkable for their size or beauty; indeed, excepting what is called the Great Square, there are none of any importance. This is 434 feet long by 334 broad. The houses forming the sides of this square, are uniform as to height, but are not handsome; the upper stories are used as dwellings, the lower ones as shops. The former projecting over the latter about fifteen feet, form a shelter, which secures the pedestrian from the heat of the sun, or the annoyance of the rain. This square is the Smithfield of Madrid, and here, as there, unfortunate beings have been burnt to death, for differing in opinion from their spiritual fathers. For the interior police of the city, it is divided into eight parts, and each is under the charge of an alcalde of the court. These again are subdivided into eight wards, each having its alcalde, or magistrate. The superintendence of those magistrates is sufficient, in ordinary times, to preserve tranquility; but in times of excitement, like the present, it is considered necessary to keep a considerable military force within the walls.

Notwithstanding the dearness of fuel; the tax upon all kinds of provisions brought in from the country, which is levied at the gates; and the restrictions, rigidly enforced, which do not allow the man who sells beef, to sell mutton also; and so of every thing else; I do not find that the living in Madrid is more expensive than it is in the other European capitals. For two dollars a day, a man will find such lodging and food, as will be satisfactory to all who are not very fastidious.

*Mammoth Steam-Boat.*—The Dutch are making preparations to surpass all other nations in vessels navigable by steam. There is now building at Rotterdam a vessel which, when completed, will be of the burden of 1100 tons, to be propelled by an engine of 300 horse power.

*From the Edinburgh Spectator.*

#### SCOTTISH SCENERY.

"He who has seen you once in life's spring  
As I have done; will never forget the spell,  
Your thousand beauties o'er his spirits fling;  
Gloom clouds, and wo may o'er his fate be cast,  
But, midst the darkness, the fair scenes will last,  
Green on his soul." ANONYMOUS.

It was a beautiful summer's evening when I landed at Rowardennan, having spent the greater part of the day in wandering among the islands of the loch. Rowardennan is a small inn which stands by itself at the foot of Ben Lomond. Every one who has been upon the mountain is acquainted with Rowardennan. If he has not spent a night within its walls, he has at least been indebted to it for a guide, a telescope, perhaps a pony, and without doubt a flask of home brewed. For my own part, I had determined to remain here, either in bed, or otherwise (for I was young then, and looked upon sleep as a luxury rather than a necessary of life) till early on the following morning, when it was my purpose to commence the ascent of that unrivalled hill, whose summit seemed hid in another world.

I had ordered supper, and had strolled out once more to the banks of the lake to enjoy the freshness and cloudless beauty of the gloaming. The last amber beams of sunshine still lingered on the distant mountain tops. At intervals there was a faint yellow light upon the waters, but it was rapidly dying away; and in the distance, the windings of the wooded shores began to be lost in the gathering twilight.—There was something nobly beautiful in this thin veil which nature had drawn over her immortal works, enhancing, by the very obscurity in which she had wrapped them, the value of their attributes. Suddenly the measured sound of an oar fell on my ear, but it was heard in the stillness long before I could recognise the boat to which it belonged. At length a pinnacle entered the little creek which forms the harbour of Rowardennan. It came into the rudely constructed pier, at the end of which I stood, and those whom it had brought with it leaped ashore. Some trifling civilities which I had it in my power to offer them, soon made us acquainted, and we proceeded to the inn together. The party consisted of a lady and two gentlemen, the former being sister to one of the latter, together with a couple of servants. They were all natives of England, and were for the first time enjoying the romance of Scottish scenery. They had been upon the banks of Loch Long, and had crossed from Arrochar to Tarbet, and had come from thence by water to Rowardennan. Their appearance and manners at once satisfied me of the highly respectable rank in society to which they belonged; and their conversation soon enabled me to perceive that birth and fortune were to be considered as among their least valuable possessions. They were young and full of generous enthusiasm. Their bosoms seemed to be totally unacquainted with that

petty jealousy and envy which I have so frequently seen rankling the breast of a stranger, when forced to gaze upon scenery to which his own country could produce no parallel. They had all the Scottish sincerity, the English openness, and the Irish warmth of character—a combination never to be too much admired. They were, in short, three of the pleasantest companions I have ever spent an evening with, either before or since. But I was then only in my twenty-first year, and may be pardoned if I confess that the impression made upon me by the lady was of a far more powerful nature than even that to which I have alluded. "She was a thing of morn," sparkling with all the life and light of early spring. I have seldom seen a step so elastic—a form so beautiful, and a face so radiant with the uninterrupted play of soul. It is needless to talk of all the minor graces of a lovely woman; her ringlets of dark hair, her blue, deep blue luxuriant eyes, her cheeks like the peach blossom, her lips, her teeth, her neck, her brow; these may be the constituent part of beauty, but one could as easily form a conception of the appearance of a watch by looking at the individual springs and wheels, as to the human countenance by hearing an anatomical description of its individual features. It is enough that Louisa Westall (a name I shall never forget) was the first, and I must say the last, who taught me to believe that the colourings of romance—the gay picturings of a sunny imagination, might not be always too highly overwrought. If by any chance these pages should meet her eye, she will perhaps be able to recall for a moment to her recollection the stranger who, in the days long gone by, was so accidentally cast in her way for a few short but delightful hours.

My new friends had intended to climb Ben Lomond next morning after breakfast, but hearing of my resolution to see the sun rise from its summit, they eagerly entered into the same views, and after an early supper we retired to rest, having previously settled that we should set out together by day-break. I slept little, but lay listening to the hawk and wood-pigeon, both of which birds, at this bright season, seemed to prefer "the gentle star light to the glare of noon." At length our little Highlander guide tapped at my door, a very welcome warning. I rose immediately, and donning a light summer's dress returned to the supper parlour. Louisa was there before me; it was not long ere her brother and his friend joined us, and the servants with the guide were waiting below. "We have a pony for the lady," said the landlord, bowing as we went down stairs, "if she would like to ride up the hill. The road is somewhat steep, but Roy is sure footed as a dog." "Had you not better accept of the landlord's offer, Louisa?" said her brother. "Oh! fie on you Charles! you will positively spoil my whole romance. Can you really suppose I have so little of



the heroine in me as to ascend that glorious mountain on Roy's most unpoetical back? Could I be guilty of such an enormity Eustace, there, would never in his life write me another sonnet. I am fit for any exertion: this Scottish air has made an Amazon of me. See the sky is brightening in the east, we delay too long. Lead on then, dear little kilted Caledonian! Roy shall dream in his stable of green grass and butter cups unmolested by me." We rested only twice in our progress towards the top, first at a spring of clear water that oozed out through a fresh mossy bank, and next at a little natural well, formed in the hollow of a smooth polished rock. As we proceeded, the rapture of my English friends knew no bounds. The morning was remarkably favourable, and we could see every thing in a clear and softened light. Till we reached the top, the lake formed the principal object of attention, studded with its fairy islands like a great expanse of liquid silver, sprinkled here and there with glittering emeralds. But when we gained the summit, then did the omnipotence of nature burst at once upon the astonished soul.

On the west lay Loch Lomond and the magnificent hills of Argyleshire; to the south extended the vale of Clyde, with the broad river itself glancing to the already risen sun, and mingling far off with the mighty Atlantic; on the east, the towers of Stirling rose in the distance, and nearer shone the beautiful lake of Monteith; and still closer at hand the wild enchanting Trosachs slumbered in deep repose, and in all their summer beauty, on the north—but how can a feeble pen describe that overpoweringly sublime amphitheatre of towering and tiered mountings rising one behind another in endless perspective, till the eye, wandering from peak to peak, from snow clad pinnacle to dark and rocky height, becomes bewildered and confused, and with a reverential awe closes upon the material universe, as having seen enough? Louisa burst into tears and hid her face upon her brother's shoulder. "It was an honest sorrow, and became her." There was not one present, except the little kilted Highlander, who did not understand her feelings. "And this was the land," cried Eustace, rapturously, "for which the Douglas, the Bruce, and the Wallace fought.—Place the most abject slave that ever crawled through Scotland, on Ben Lomond's brow, and he is less than a man, if the patriot's fire does not kindle instinctively in his breast!" "Yes," exclaimed Louisa, a holy fervour illuminating her brow, "and who that ever read upon the book of nature yonder words of light, could return, like the common reptile to the cold creed of the Atheist? Oh! it is a sight that wakens in the soul its highest and purest thought, a sight that gives life and being to the happiest creations of our brightest dreams; a sight, Eustace, that laughs to scorn the deceitful poets, who paint in hues so sombre the world's sad realities." \* \* \*

A few hours more, and we parted as if we had never met. I saw the fair girl and her young lover enter their pinnace together. She waved her hand to me as I stood on the shore and watched the boat wind round a point which concealed it from me for ever. I saw her again ten years afterwards in London. Her eye had lost somewhat of its brilliancy, and the rose was no longer visible on her cheek; I fancied, too, though it might be only fancy, that a shade of melancholy had gathered on her brow. She had been mingled with the world; what wonder that she was changed. But I am alike ignorant of her story and her fate, and I think of her now only as of what I first saw of her in her innocence, gaiety and beauty, on the banks of the noblest lake in Britain.

## A FRAGMENT.

I beheld on its "sweet green stem," a rose bud just opening into full bloom and beauty. It was surrounded by the butterfly, which rested on a neighbouring leaf, gracefully closing and expanding its wings of gold and purple—by the quick darting humming bird, which seemed hovering in motionless bliss near the beautiful flower—and by the honey-bee, humming his admiration; all seemed sharing its fragrance and beauty, whilst I was reminded, that the fair rose was not for me.

Imagination transformed this beautiful flower into a maiden—such a lovely fair being as I have beheld in a dream; lovely, graceful, delicate, and courteous—her forehead surmounted by a calash of green, in pleasing contrast to the vermeil tint of her cheek, uttering to herself the inexplicable words—"this world, this world, is not for me." Ah, never, sweet rose, may thy bloom be blighted by the chill of neglect—your hopes never scattered by the summer storm, nor your cup filled with sorrow-stricken tears—but instead of withering away, unfriended and alone, "wasting thy sweetness on the desert air," may some fostering hand, "with a true heart in it," transplant thee, in all thy loveliness, to the bowers of conjugal felicity.

Sat. Eve. Post.

*Mungo Park.*—The manuscript of Mungo Park's Travels in Africa, says the *Dublin Patriot*, has been purchased by a Frenchman, for thirty dollars. An Englishman offered two hundred dollars, which the Frenchman refused. The manuscript mentions his severe illness, and is continued down to within a day or two of his death.

*Public Gratitude.*—Voltaire relates, with great simplicity, that at the first representation of one of his tragedies, the audience, who saw the author in a box with an extremely beautiful young Dutchess, required that she should give him a kiss, by way of acknowledging the public gratitude. The victim, a partaker in the general enthusiasm, felt, apparently, no repugnance to make the sacrifice.

Communicated.

## THE STORM.

"Take a double reef in the mainsail," said the skipper of a small sloop to his men, "for we shall have a tough blow of it before we get in. I have been through the sound many a dreary night, but never on such an one as this promises to be," and calling me to him, he pointed to the northward, saying, "do you see yonder black cloud?—we double that point before it overtakes us, or our chance is not worth the cast of a die."

I gazed upon his weather-beaten countenance, and shuddered as I beheld the look of intense anxiety which accompanied his speech. The dark clouds which were driving towards us—the long, heavy peals of thunder which reverberated from shore to shore—the repeated and vivid flashes of lightning, which burst from the overcharged clouds, added a shade of awful sublimity to the scene; the wind continued to increase, and blew with violence, while our little bark laboured beneath the press of her mainsail, as if impatient of the restraint imposed upon her by the conflicting billows—while the wind,

"With strong gust

"Turn'd from its bottom the discoloured deep,  
"And through the black night, that sat immense around,

"Lash'd into foam the fierce conflicting brine,  
"Seem'd o'er a thousand raging waves to burn."

It was indeed a fearful night—I stood on the deck watching the movements of the skipper, and I felt my only chance of safety depended on him. There were two female passengers, who stood clinging to the quarter railings, gazing alternately upon the firmament and the sea; and a young man, with folded arms, silently surveyed the scene. His countenance spoke the anguish of his soul. I approached the young lady to assist her into the cabin, when, at that moment, the wind striking the boat, she surged to the leeward, and the lady losing her balance, was precipitated into the raging deep! A moment after I heard a second plunge, when, turning round, I missed the young man, who, but a moment before was standing by my side.

"Down with the mainsail," cried a voice, "and heave the boat about."

"It is useless," I replied; "before the boat can be got about they will be past all human assistance; assist me to clear the small boat."

"Young man, are you mad?" cried the skipper—"who do you suppose will trust themselves in that little shallop in such a gale as this?"

"I will," said one of the boatmen; "and I will follow you, my brave fellow!" I replied. In a moment the boat was lowered from the stern, and we jumped into it. The quick repeated flashes of lightning directed us to the spot where the young man was gallantly buffeting the wave—with one arm, while the other supported the lady. We succeeded in getting them into the boat, when we endeavoured

ed to regain the sloop, but found it impossible.

'Pull for the shore,' cried a voice amid the howling of the storm, which I recognised to be the skipper's; 'for it is your only chance of safety.' We followed his advice, and turned the boat's head towards the shore, which we approached with the rapidity of lightning, till within a few rods, when buoyed upon a mountain wave, we were dashed, with terrible force, upon the beach—I caught the lady in my arms, and bidding the boatman save the young man, who, by this time, was completely exhausted, we landed in safety from the boat; we bore the insensible objects of our care into a small house, but a short distance from us, and immediately applying restoratives they revived. The young lady extending her arms, and turning her languid eyes upon her companion, 'William!' faintly issued from her lips,—'Mary!' replied the youth, when they fell into each others arms, with overcharged hearts! At this moment, the skipper, with the other female passenger, entered the house. To depict the scene which ensued is beyond the effort of my humble pen; let the reader imagine a mother who beholds her only child swept into the bosom of the deep, without the least prospect of being rescued; let them imagine that mother encircled in the arms of her daughter in safety, and they may form some idea of the scene.

The skipper seizing my hand, while the tears streamed down his sun-burnt face, he said, 'young man, you have performed this night what I would not have attempted for millions; 'twas but a miracle that saved you, for had you landed in any other spot, you must inevitably have perished; our chance on board the sloop was but a slim one—finding all hopes of braving out the storm had vanished, our only chance of safety was in running the sloop ashore, when, by the assistance of the few people collected on the beach, our lives are all fortunately saved.'

The storm had by this time subsided, and the day broke in the eastern horizon, and—

"Through the lighten'd air,  
"A higher lustre, and a clearer calm,  
"Diffusive, trembled, while as if in sign  
"Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,  
"Sett off abundant by the yellow ray,  
"Invested the fields; and nature smil'd—reviv'd."

*New Worlds.*—The time has arrived when America is to lose the name of the New World. There is a newer world than America, whose name is not as yet fixed. It is variously called Australasia, Oceanica, and Polynesia. The fifth part of the globe is composed of New-Holland and New Zealand; of New Caledonia and the Hebrides; of the New Philippines; of Van Diemen's Land, the Solomon Isles, the Friendly Isles, Navigator's Land, the Society Islands, the Low Islands, and all the Islands of the immense Archipelago of the Pacific Ocean.

*Bell's Weekly Mes.*

#### A CHECK TO DUELLING

Harte, in the life of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, gives the following narrative:

"It was in one of the Prussian campaigns, that the irrational practice of duelling rose to a considerable height in the Swedish army, not only among persons of rank and fashion, but between common soldier and common soldier: upon which Gustavus published a severe edict, and denounced death against every delinquent. Soon after there arose a quarrel between two officers of very high command, and as they knew the king's firmness in preserving his word inviolable, they agreed to request an audience, and besought his permission to decide the affair like men of honour. His majesty repressed his passion, of course with reluctance; but under the appearance of pitying brave men who thought their reputation injured, he told them that he blamed them much for their mistaken notions of fame and glory; yet as this unreasonable determination appeared to be the result of deliberate reflection, he would allow them to decide the affair at the time and place specified:—"And gentlemen, (said he,) I will be myself an eye witness of your extraordinary valour."

At the hour appointed, Gustavus arrived, accompanied with a small body of infantry, which he formed into a body round the combatants. "Now, (said he) fight till one man dies;" and calling the executioner of the army to him, "Friend, (said he,) the instant one is killed behead the other before my eyes." Astonished with such inflexible firmness, the two generals, after pausing a moment, fell down upon their knees, and asked the king's forgiveness, who made them embrace each other, and give their promise to continue faithful friends to their last moments; as they both did, with sincerity and thankfulness."

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Outlines of Geology, being the substance of a course of lectures on that subject, delivered in the amphitheatre of the royal institution of Great Britain, by William Thomas Brand, F. R. S. Professor of Chemistry in the royal institution, &c.

*Concluded.*

In the writings of Mitchell, and of Whitehurst, we begin to discern something like a genuine and scientific investigation respecting the structure, position, and contents of the strata that envelope our globe. I have said nothing of Buffon, whose theories and speculations are much of the same cast as those of Burnet; nor of Rouelle, who reasoned more correctly, and discriminated with greater judgment;—wishing to confine myself chiefly to the opinions, as well as to the writings, of our own countrymen. But in the works of this period one very important fact must not be overlooked, relating to the

distinction insisted upon chiefly by Lehman, and some other continental authors, which may be made between rocks containing organized fossils, and those which are destitute of such remains; the former bearing evident traces of great revolutions and changes, the latter, apparently, of an anterior date, and exhibiting no marks of animal or vegetable relics: the former, in the words of Lehman, owing their formation to partial or local accidents and derangements, the latter coeval with the world. To these, which have since been called *secondary* and *primary* rocks, he added a third class, in which, as to position and structure, he professed to recognise the operation of the deluge; he presumed that they must have resulted from some great catastrophe, tearing up and modifying an ancient order of things.

\* \* \* \* \*

In mining, in the search for coal, in the structure of canals and roads, in building, draining, and in the judicious search for and management of springs, the advantages of practical geology are incalculable. It has frequently happened that materials for roads have been transported at great expense from distant parts, when they might have been abundantly procured in the neighbourhood; in sinking wells, injudicious situations have often been pitched upon, and buildings erected at a distance from copious sources of water. In the fruitless search for metallic veins, millions have been expended upon the delusive promises of ignorant adventurers;—and coal is frequently sought for in places which even a slight knowledge of the subject indicates as hopeless.

\* \* \* \* \*

To the traveller, geology opens, as it were, a new creation; in connection with geography, it discloses what may be termed the physiognomy of the earth; thus clothing a barren country with numerous objects of interest, and giving a new zest to those pleasing emotions of the mind with which we behold the fertile landscape and fruitful plain; and to those more exalted sensations which are created by the majestic features of a rocky and mountainous district.

Finally, in displaying to us, as it does, in characters most unequivocal, the great and awful revolutions which this earth has suffered, it gives rise to a salutary reminiscence of those which yet may come; it shows us upon what slight foundations the present order of things rests, and how trivial a change would suffice to obliterate all that now exists; thus inspiring the well-tempered mind, not with sorry fancies and idle fears, nor with that superstitious awe which sometimes results from gross ignorance, and sometimes from perverted knowledge, but with deep and unshaken admiration of that boundless wisdom which governs the revolutions of nature—which,

Builds life on death, on change duration founds,  
And bids the eternal wheels to know their rounds.



## ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

*For the American Athenæum.*  
THE ITINERANT—No. THE LAST.  
YOUTHFUL DAYS.

DISAPPOINTMENT, which unnerves the exertions of the weak, and renders them despondent, has, on the more firm, the opposite effect of making them renew with increased vigour their endeavours for success. Such was my case; instead of lagging, the ardour of my passion received an increased impetus from the very difficulties which chance had thrown in its way: and when the first emotions of my defeated hopes were passed, I bent all my faculties to the attainment of an interview. In the evening I formed my plans, and prepared to put them into execution the next morning: it did not escape me that nothing could be done without a confidant, one who, combining influence with a knowledge of the place, might aid me in the prosecution of my designs. For this purpose I selected the son of the gentleman with whom I resided—there had already existed a friendship between us, and the general goodness of his heart and devotion in the service of those who trusted in him, assured me that I should find all that I might desire. To Albert then I disclosed the passion which was consuming me, and he readily promised his assistance in whatever undertaking I should consider necessary. From the description which I gave him he was at no loss to discover who had ensnared me in her fascinating toils; she was a young lady universally admired, but how to procure me an interview was a subject of the greatest difficulty. After, however, ruminating a few moments, he took up his hat, said he would see me again at dinner, and departed.

He returned as he had promised, his eyes sparkling, and rubbing his hands in high excitement, "Success, my dear fellow, success! you shall see her this evening." Charmed with my good fortune, I begged to know in what way he had been able to accomplish his object so speedily. "A miracle, my dear fellow, and you are certainly the luckiest man I ever saw:—happening, by chance, to step in at my cousin's, I received an invitation for both yourself and me to attend her this evening: it is her birth day, and your dulcinea will form one of the company." I was, as may be imagined, in ecstasies. I capered about the room, rolled over the bed, kicked over whatever was in my way—in truth, I acted the perfect madman. Who would control the emotions of a lover when he sees the object within his grasp, and revels in the hope of felicity? Alas, poor Proteus! you might have saved yourself the trouble.

Evening came, and with it all the little hopes and fears that are so apt to intrude upon us, when undertaking something, about the result of which we are apprehensive. Albert and I went to his cou-

sin's, and although I had been there frequently before, I never felt so great a diffidence on entering any apartment as I did on the present occasion. I thought they could read my object in my face—thus torturing myself with ideas and apprehensions which no one else entertained.

After a few moments' conversation, however, all my over-excitement subsided into perfect calmness. I took advantage of every opportunity of paying particular attention to Margaret, (that was her name,) and my assiduities were received in a manner so perfectly gentle and unreserved as to cause the most grateful sentiments in me. When the company departed I attended her home, and, on parting, she, to my infinite joy, invited me to a small entertainment which she proposed giving the following week.

I now flattered myself that every thing was in a prosperous way—the cold barriers of an introduction were removed—I saw the path lying open before me to love and happiness; my heart bounded with anticipations which it longed to accomplish, and every grosser sensibility was hushed in the calmness of the purest affection.

Things went on thus prosperously for nearly a month; it is true, there was nothing in her behaviour towards me which I could construe into any thing like reciprocity, yet as the most perfect courtesy marked her every action, and as she expressed no dissatisfaction at my repeated visits, I indulged in the hope that I might ultimately make an impression on her heart. About this period a division of French troops cantoned in Bassy and its neighbourhood; the officers were mostly fine-looking young men, high-spirited and chivalrous; they found a ready admittance into the best society, and, as might be expected, attracted universal regard and attention. Their presence entirely altered the appearance of every thing. Instead of the quiet, blooming village, whence the shepherd drove his flock in the morning to the surrounding hills, and returned at evening to join in the rustic dance—when he was seen winding down the steep declivity of the mountain path, tuning his pipe to gay or more melancholy tunes, as his young shepherdess was coy or indulgent. How altered now the scene, and yet how beautiful. In the anticipation of profit every lesser occupation was forgotten, and the supplying the regiment with provisions became the only care of the villagers. At morning dawn, and just as the sun was sinking behind the last hill, the blast of the trumpet was heard, and the rolling drum sending its martial call through the camp, summoning alike the prompt or the inactive soldier to take his station in the files.—Then came the scene of bustle without confusion, for nothing can be more precise than the manœuvres of these regulars; the young and the old, the decrepid and the infirm of Bassy, all went forth to

view a spectacle at once so novel and interesting.

They had been in the village for about a week, when the officers determined to give an entertainment to which all the most respectable inhabitants received cards of invitation; as a stranger, and one who resided with the most wealthy burgher, I received one also. The assembly was the most picturesque I have ever beheld. The rich uniforms of the officers contrasted singularly with the large flapped coats of the gentry. The beautiful maiden in her trim silk gown, worn on particular occasions only; and the buoyant youth who whispered his devotion in her ear—were all so many objects of happiness, that my heart beat high at the prospect of a joyous evening.

I looked around for Margaret, and soon discovered her conversing with a fine young captain whom I had met at her house. I cannot say but that I might have preferred finding her in different company, for now I first began to feel jealousy awakening in my heart. The dance began, yet I had found no opportunity of speaking to her, and I had the mortification of seeing my rival lead her off. I waited till the cotillion was finished, and resumed my endeavours to attract her attention, but they both appeared to avoid me as if fearful of my presence. I felt my blood boiling, yet I had discretion enough to leave the apartment, the fresh air contributed to calm me, and on reflection, thinking my feelings might have deceived my judgment, I returned to make a fresh attempt.

But there was no mistaking actions so decidedly pointed as were these, and I determined to be revenged on him who I thought was ravishing from my heart its dearest treasure. It was not long before, finding him for a moment alone, I went up to him, slapped him on the shoulder, and leaving the room beckoned him to follow me—he was not long in obeying. I took him by the arm, and leading him into an adjoining field, told him the cause of my conduct, saying, at the same time, that I was sure he must have imposed upon her credulity in making her believe things injurious to me, and which his inventive genius must have prompted. I saw his eyes sparkling as I proceeded. I said my happiness depended upon the possession of Margaret, and that I had rather die than see her the bride of another—then, drawing my sword, I desired him to defend himself. We fought for a few moments with great impetuosity, as I pushed him to the utmost, but my very ardour served but to give him a greater advantage over me than he possessed from a better knowledge of his weapon, and after some passes I felt the steel gliding through my body.

He immediately went for help, and I was carried to my chamber, where I remained for some weeks. As soon as the fever, occasioned by my wound, had subsided, Albert informed me that Margaret and the captain were married, they hav-



ing been affianced to each other for a long time previous to our meeting. I regarded the intelligence very indifferently, for what with the loss of blood and the remembrance of cold iron, my love had flown to the winds. I have ever since been one of those who, however he may admire a beautiful woman, will yet beware of any communications with the sly god, having always the fear of Captain, and a long piece of steel, something like a sword, before my eyes. PROTEUS.

#### NOTES ON LISBON.—No. III.

BY A TRAVELLER.

LITERATURE in Lisbon is in a very low condition. There are few original works published, and those few are chiefly compilations and small pieces of poetry of which the Port are very fond. Translations of English and French authors are very abundant, among which are all the works of Doctors Cullen, Buchan, and other English physicians. General information, I am inclined to believe, is very scantily diffused through the mass of the population, although the sources of knowledge are not so few as might naturally be supposed. There are a number of extensive and valuable libraries. The public one contains 90,000 volumes; it was founded by the Marquis of Pombal and does honour both to himself and to the city. The other libraries that I have seen in the convents: the one in the convent of Sezus contains 50,000 volumes—that in the Necessidade 25,000; in this there is a fine collection of the Latin and Greek classics. The convent of San Vincent contains another library of about 12,000 volumes. Besides these, every convent has its library.

Of the state of education, I know but little—that little, however, you shall have. There are four colleges in this place, of which only one is Portuguese; it is called the College of Nobles, because the trustees are always of that rank. This college was established by Pombal in '66.—Of the other three, one is an English college, and two Irish. There were formerly two colleges of the Jesuits, both of which were suppressed when they were expelled from the kingdom. One of them was a very magnificent institution, and contained seven or eight hundred students. The building is at present used as a hospital. Of the number and character of the common schools, I am ignorant. No person is, however, permitted to commence the business of teaching, not even the simplest elements of knowledge, without permission from the government, and previous to his obtaining it, he is obliged to stand an examination before a counsel appointed for that purpose. This is also the case in Spain. Education here is very expensive.

The number of bookstores in Lisbon, at farthest, do not exceed ten or twelve, and none of these are very large. Besides Portuguese and classical works, they contain a considerable quantity of French, Spanish, and English books.

You will be astonished to hear that there are only three newspapers published in a city which contains upwards of 300,000 inhabitants; and not a single magazine, journal or review.

The causes which have combined to produce the present state of ignorance among the Portuguese, are a restricted press—the influence of the clergy, whose interest it is to keep from the people, as much as possible, all information that might excite them to throw off the yoke of superstition which oppresses them—want of literary taste in the people, and of course of proper literary excitement to authors—and lastly, the want of social intercourse. The two first causes have, no doubt, had the most powerful influence. The former is much relaxed—all books, foreign or domestic which are to be printed in this country, have previously to be inspected by the committee of censure. This power was formerly invested in the Inquisition—but, happily for Portugal, this court of the devil retains little of its ancient power, and even that little is not exercised. The palace of the Inquisition is now occupied by the Senate. Among the works whose publication is prohibited, I was not astonished to find those of T. Payne.

I am sick of declaiming against the state of religion in Portugal. I shall only add a few remarks concerning the monks and priests. The monks are in general, men of mean abilities and slender acquirements. Surrounded with vast resources of knowledge, they omit scarcely a single beam to enlighten their country, or to show that they are not shrouded in the common moral darkness and mental degradation. Their number has been decreasing for many years. In 1665, according to Damouries, the number of parishes in Lisbon was thirty-seven—convents, thirty-two—nunneries, eighteen. In a statistical work published in 1804, the parishes are reckoned at forty—convents, twenty—nunneries, eighteen.—Since the commencement of the war, this decrease has been astonishingly great, in consequence of the government having prohibited any persons from entering any of the religious orders. The whole number at present, in Lisbon, does not exceed six hundred. The parish priests are rather superior to the common monks. I have heard three of them preach. The character of their manner is vehemence, both of articulation and gesture, combined with little dignity or solemnity. The audience presents as little solemnity as the preacher. There are no pews in any of the churches, and during the service the women sit cross-legged on the floor, and the men remain standing.

The police of Lisbon, although organised in an excellent manner, appears to be very deficient in energy and vigilance. The highest civil officer in Lisbon, as well as Portugal, is the Intendant of Police; under him is a band of soldiers called the Police Guards, amounting to 2000—1200 of which are in Lisbon, and

the rest at Oporto. You may imagine that a person with such a force at his disposal, wants only the will to make himself one of the most oppressive tyrants—yet, notwithstanding this formidable guard, you need not expect security in the streets of Lisbon, in the night time.—During the two months that we have been here, there have been ten murders committed, besides a proportionate number of robberies. This number is much less than it must have been ten or twelve years ago, in the same space of time:—on this subject there have, I think, been some conclusions drawn very unjust to the Portuguese character. The general idea has been that they are of savage and sanguinary disposition. From what I have seen and heard, I do not believe them to be so much more fierce than other nations as has been represented. Lisbon is the common sink of all the rogues and robbers in Portugal—urged on by poverty, encouraged by constant impunity, and fearless of a sleeping police, they assume a boldness which, under other circumstances, they would not dare to exhibit. It is by such as these that most of the murders and robberies are committed; and where is the city, under similar circumstances, that would not exhibit scenes of as much horror and bloodshed as ever the streets of Lisbon did. Some murders, however, are perpetrated at the instigation of people in a higher class of society—but here it must be recollected that the laws are badly administered, and that there is hardly any crime which rank and wealth may not commit with impunity, and therefore the only method of reparation left to the injured party is to assume to himself the right of punishment.

The inhabitants of Lisbon may be divided into four classes, viz.—nobility, wealthy merchants, mechanics, &c., and the lowest class. The nobility of Portugal are, by all accounts, a most contemptible race in every respect, possessed of neither moral nor intellectual respectability. Their number is not large, and pride keeps them from connections with any other rank, and they are therefore obliged to intermarry among their own relations—the effect of this in deteriorating the breed, you can easily imagine. The two next classes form the efficient and respectable population. They are not deficient in natural sagacity or correct conduct. The lowest grade are destitute of every principle of honour or humanity—they may be bribed to perpetrate almost any crime. Besides these, there are the monks and nuns, and soldiers. Of the latter there are about 8000 in the city. The Portuguese soldiers, though not tall, are very erect, and make a martial appearance.

NOTICE.—Our Patrons are informed that No. 26 will complete the first half-volume of this Journal—therefore we request that punctuality in payment will be observed, and that no other bills than those presented by Mr. Heman Howlett, and receipted by the Publisher, will be paid. To afford an opportunity to those who feel scrupulous in paying a collector, we invite them to our office.



## THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM.

THURSDAY, OCT. 13, 1825.

We took occasion last week to request our brother editors, when they copy an original article from this journal, to be careful in not confounding its name with that of others of nearly similar sound. We are now compelled to go a step further, and request that our articles may not be published as original in the papers into which they are copied. This has been systematically pursued in some quarters, but with little credit to those who are concerned in it. As these gentlemen have undoubtedly some school-acquaintance with the Latin, we shall make no apology for reminding them, in that language, of the threats of Horace:

"Cornicula furtivis nadata coloribus,  
"Risum moveat," &c. &c.

It is but justice to our able correspondent ALBERT, to state more particularly, that his lines entitled, "Sympathy's Tear," have been copied as original in an Eastern paper, the name of which we forbear to mention. We congratulate Albert on the tacit compliment paid him.

## LAW LECTURES.

We congratulate the public on the intention of the Ex-chancellor KENT to deliver a course of Lectures on Law, at the College in this city, during the approaching winter. The course will commence on the 25th instant, and continue for six months, embracing five lectures of one hour each, in every week, accompanied with examinations of the pupils. The terms are one hundred dollars for the course; and we feel perfect confidence in saying that for this sum every industrious student may derive more lasting benefit than can be acquired at any other law-school in the Union. We are aware of the advantages offered to the tyro in jurisprudence at Litchfield, at Northampton, and at Baltimore. We feel a very high respect for the institutions at those places, and can cheerfully exclaim to each of them, "Go on and prosper!" But as regards the claims of our own citizen upon the attention of all who are really desirous of instruction in the noblest of the sciences, they are *second to none*, and require no encomium. We invite every lover of learning to the care of that individual, who combines the most varied and elegant attainments of the scholar, with the profoundest forensic learning, and who is recommended no less by his experience and study, than by the happiness of his manner in imparting their treasures. JAMES KENT is a name that carries with it its own lustre, the possessor of which may now justly be styled on this side of the water, as he has already been entitled on the other, the Mansfield of America.

## AMERICAN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Within the last few days we have had occasion to peruse no less than four periodical publications issued from the press in this city and in Boston. We refer to the North American Review, the United States Literary Gazette, the New-York Review, and the New-York Medical and Physical Journal; all of which appeared on or about the first of the present month. Their number is sufficient to show that the impulse given to periodical literature in this country is deeply and widely felt; and the improved character of each work for interest of matter and ability of manner amply

satisfies us that the impulse thus given has been productive of the happiest effects in elevating the literary standard of this country.

It was our intention to have entered into a brief notice of the efforts which have hitherto been made in this country in this department of letters, but we find ourselves compelled to defer it to some future period. We shall at present merely take a cursory glance of the Journals now before us.

*The North American Review.*

The present number (for October, 1825) contains a variety of highly interesting matter, dispersed throughout the several reviews. The first article treats of the claims of the United States on Naples and Holland, containing a full and explicit history of the measures which have been pursued by our government to obtain indemnity for the losses incurred by our merchants in illegal captures, and recommending more efficient appeals to justice. The second article is a long disquisition on the character and writings of Byron, which we shall hereafter notice more especially. It is, in general, correct in its sentiments, and well written. It does not, however, do full justice to the exalted genius of the departed poet. Another interesting article treats at large of Columbus, and presents us with a full account of his life, every thing connected with which must be attractive to an American. We have not room to notice the other subjects treated of in the number. Its critical notices are uncommonly interesting, and the number is, altogether, highly creditable to our literature.

*The New-York Medical and Physical Journal.*

This work being strictly professional, we shall not undertake to say much respecting it. As far as we can learn, it will bear a comparison with any quarterly medical journal published in the United States. It owes most of its present character to the indefatigable exertions of the very able senior editor, Doctor John B. Beck. With him are now associated Doctors Peixotto and Bell. From the enlarged appearance of the present number (XV) we have every reason to believe that the work is prospering, and from the respectability of the names of the contributors, that it meets with general and efficient support from the profession.

*The New-York Review and Athenæum Magazine.*

This work is well known to be the continuation, under a new title, of the Atlantic Magazine, which was begun in May, 1824, by the very enterprising publishers, Messrs. Bliss and White. Negligence, and, perhaps, want of prudence in the first and highly gifted editor, was the cause of the journal's not receiving, at its onset, that support which was fully its due. The present editors, one of whom deserves undoubtedly to be ranked among the first poets of our land, have not as yet, by their own labours, given any very satisfactory evidence of their superiority to the former conductors, and we are compelled to express it as our honest belief, that something more must yet be done, before New-York can promise to herself a lasting and distinguished rank in the periodical literature of the country. The present number is, however, free from many of those defects, which have remarkably characterised the preceding numbers, and some of the articles are very ably written.

*The United States Literary Gazette.*

This valuable work maintains its general cha-

acter for information, and cleverly-written articles. Its quarterly list of new publications is very rich, and we shall profit by it.

## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**WILLIAM TELL:** A play, in five acts. By James Sheridan Knowles, Esq. Author of *Virginius*. New-York. E. M. Murden.

To any one who takes a perspective view of the English literature of the present day, it cannot be otherwise than matter of deep surprise, that while in every other department of letters there abound first-rate writers, there should be so woful a deficiency in dramatic composition. Poets, orators, philosophers, (alias metaphysicians,) novelists, essayists and satirists, not only abound in number, but surpass those of every preceding age in the richness, the splendour, and the usefulness of their writings. As to dramatic writers, (whatever may be said of comedy we shall not now stop to inquire,) but it is a melancholy truth, that we of the present generation must echo the aphorism openly avouched in the last, that "Shakspeare is your only tragedy writer." Tragedies have indeed been written, and some of them are very pretty, and very fine too, but they will not do. If their excellence is at all discoverable in the closet, rely upon it they will not do on the stage, and vice versa. Thus Fazio, Coleridge's *Conscience*, Miss Bayley's truly affecting tragedies, and Byron's *Manfred*, are admirably suited to awaken the conception and enkindle the imagination of the solitary reader, and to impress him with the deepest sense of the power of their respective authors. Introduce these pieces to the stage, and they seem as nothing. The spirit which breathes throughout them is of too ethereal a mould, and refuses to be embodied in the grasp of your ordinary actor, and hence it is that they are too frigid for representation. Take *Bertram*, Howard Payne's pieces, or Shiel's *Apostate* and *Evadne*, and last Mr. Knowles's *Virginius* and the play before us. Admirably calculated for theatrical effect, they cannot stand the test of calm and retired criticism. We might, perhaps, except *Bertram*, which is a splendid effort of poetic genius, abounding in rich and glowing language, in bold and original, and frequently beautiful metaphor, in striking incident and development of character, yet it wants—moral. As such it falls short of the high standard of tragic excellence, and will never be ranked as high as its other merits perhaps entitle it to. It is certainly a striking specimen of what the poetic genius of the drama can do for an actor of kindred powers of conception and execution. Beyond this, it will scarcely bear the brunt of examination, and he who has not seen Kean in it may even doubt its propriety for the stage.

Mr. Knowles evidently writes not for immortality, nor for the next age even, but merely for the reigning actors of the day. He models his characters to the level of the actor—he does not seek to elevate the actor to that of the tragic muse. His plays are well calculated for acting in the present day; and beyond this little can be said of them.

We would call the attention of our readers to the bills of Chatham Theatre for Friday evening. *The Forest Rose*, together with the *Lady of the Lake*, will be performed for the benefit of Mr. SAMUEL WOODWORTH, author of the *Forest Rose*.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The beautiful lines by "Ianthis" will be inserted in our next. We solicit a continuation of our new correspondent's favours.

If the author of the lines addressed "To a Coquette," will permit us to make such alterations as we may deem proper, they shall be published; otherwise, we must decline their insertion.

"My Fancy's Picture," by C. is too long. Brevity is no less the soul of poetry than of wit, and we wish that our friends would remember the remark.

"Augusta" will receive a note from us by sending for it, as we do not know her residence.